pulped down—from pulp to pulp; oh, written word, where is thy sting!

Barricades of knowledge were erected, piled ever higher; Maginot Line,[24] impregnable let us hope, composed of small and large masterpieces, pocket, crown octavo and other editions, lucid accounts of this and that, surveys historical, sociological, psychological, calculated to increase understanding. Ye are instructed, they are ignorant; the pen is mightier than the sword, and to demonstrate its might, must be active. When Dr. Negrin, Spanish Prime Minister, visited France, it was counted to him for virtue that he found time to visit the bookstalls by the Seine. Would Goering have so employed his time ? Or Julius Streicher ? Would Hitler have been seen, between his visits to the Quai d'Orsay, bearing away an armful of books to add to his library?

The illiteracy of the rulers of the Third Reich was frequently and hopefully noticed. It was doubtful if they would have been able to pass the School Leaving Examination. Goebbels, it was true, had somehow acquired a doctorate, but in Germany that meant little; and in any case, it might almost be said that a revolution was necessary for him to get into print. As for Mem *Kampf—its* first reception was tepid, and sometimes derisory, and its sale unspectacular until German rearmament began. New battalions brought new editions of it in their train; Hitler's royalties and Germany increased together.

Mussolini's literary pretensions were less dubious. In the pre-Axis days, his play, *The Hundred Days,* dealing with Napoleon's return from Elba, was produced at the Old Vic, and kindly

received; and a novel he had written long ago to be published as a newspaper serial, appeared in an 'English translation. His duchesses are plumper than Disraeli's, the pearls they wear larger; but otherwise the Jew who made the English upper classes feel they were useful, and the anarchist who made the Italians feel they were formidable, as novelists are not dissimilar.

The most dangerous men of action are artists *manqufa.* Their imagination, finding no adequate outlet, sizzles and boils within

[24] cf. Lord Horder—'Books are a Maginot Line against hysteria and lies*